

Script #12: The Infamous

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Summary: The infamous script #12 which was TOSed off the AOL message board.

Script #12: The Infamous

** My early script subscribers and those people who read the boards early on know that I posted my scripts there until the infamous... Script #12. Yes, that was the only script ever to be TOSd off the board... my script anyway. So it's been lost (seriously, it's been lost, not one of those "locked away" lost things) until now. (Thanks Laverne!) Here is the re-release of script #12 and it's never written conclusion.

>
 Script #12:

> <p><p>****

Milwaukee Junior High

>

L&S before the fame

>
 ::Laverne & Shirley are at their lockers talking, when Carmine and Lenny walk up behind them::

> CR: Hey, the Big Ragoo is here!
 SF: Carmine, don't do that! You scared me!

> CR: Sorry angelface, but me and Len got a surprise for you two.
 SF: What is it?

> LK: This Friday, tomorrow, there is going to be, drumroll please...
 CR: ::does drumroll noise::

> LK: A SCHOOL SLEEPOVER!
 SF: We're not going.

> LD: I wanna go Shir!
 CR: Shir! why don't you want to go?

> SF: Because it will be a night of smut.
 CR: No, it won't.

Please Shir! please?

> SF: I have to think about it.
 ::they all crowd around her and watch her think::

> SF: What? Stop looking at me! Ok, I'll go!
 LK, LD, CR: GREAT!

> SF: Come on Vernie, we have to prepare, it's tomorrow night.

CR: Wait, you have to bring your pajamas to school, it starts right

after lunch.

> SF: Ok, see, we have even less time to get ready. Let's go!

::they kiss the guys goodbye, and run out the door::

> ::at Shirley's house later::
 LD: What are we going to do with our bangs?

> SF: We blow dry them at school. Bring your curling iron and straightening iron.
 LD: I don't have the straightening thingy.

> SF: Ok, I do, I'll bring the straightneing iron, you bring the curling iron.
 LD: Ok, then, what pajamas should we bring?

> SF: ::goes to her drawers, looks around::
 LD: I think I'll bring my nightie.

> SF: ::turns around:: the one you wore to Big Rosie's sleepover? No!
 LD: Why not?

> SF: You look like a Playboy bunny! This is at a SCHOOL!
 LD: Good point. How about the ones with the bunnies on them?

> SF: Ok, and I'll bring.....these ::holds up a long, anklelength, sleeveless nightie::
 LD: Oh, Carmine will love that.

> SF: Really, and what slippers?
 LD: Can I borrow the ones with the bunny heads on them?

> SF: Sure, and I'll wear the ones with..... the other bunny heads on them!
 LD: This is going to be great.

> ::the next day at lunch::
 PG(Principal Greenbaum): Ok everybody! First, the eighth graders will go and change into their pajamas. Then, after everyone is finshed, go to the gym and lay out your sleeping bags.

> SF: C'mon Laverne, let's go!
 ::the girls and guys run to the bathrooms in the huge mob::

> ::20 minutes later::
 CR: Shirl! Laverne! Over here!

> ::the girls are wearing their bathrobes and slippers::
 SF: Come on, let's go to the gym.

> CR: Let me see your pajamas Shirl.
 SF: You'll see them later, don't worry.

> SF: Laverne, how am I going to tell Carmine I forgot my nightgown?
 LD: Your mother's bringing it later, don't worry.

> MF: Shirley! Shirley, where are you?
 SF: Hide me Vernie.

> LD: Mrs. Feeney, I'll give it to her, she's in the bathroom.
 MF: Well thank you Laverne. I really must be going, have fun!

> LD: Here Shirl, come on, let's go fix up your hair and everything.
 ::they run into the bathroom::

> CR: Where are the girls?
 LK: I don't know, but I saw Shirley's mom here.

> CR: Shirl's mom?
 LK: Yea, let's wait for them here.

> SF: Carmine, I'm ready, let's go to the gym!
 CR: Ok, I love your slippers.

> SF: What about my...::opens her robe:: nightgown?
 CR: It's very, very nice.....

> ::jaw drops to floor::
 SF: Well, are we going to the gym or what?

> LD: Len, aren't you going to say anything about my ::opens robe:: nightgown?
 ::she's wearing the nightie::

> SF: Laverne, I can't believe you wore that!
 LK: I can't believe you wore that! I didn't know you HAD one of those nighties!

> CR: Come on, let's go.
 ::they go to the gym::

> ::when they walk in, all the girls are wearing pants pajamas::
 SF: Laverne, do you notice anything different about our pajamas and theirs?

> LD: Umm.... oh no!
 CR: Girls, come on!

> SF: No way!
 CR: Shirl, come on!

> ::the girls hang on to the doorframe::
 SF: I'm not moving from this frame!

> CR: ::pulls her off:: Come on angelface.
 ::everyone stares at Shirley::

> SF: Carmine, I want to go home.
 CR: Come on, there's nothing wrong with you and Laverne being original.

> SF: But this is TOO original.
 CR: Who cares, SO WHAT? You're the best looking girl in this gym.

> SF: Really? Well, ok.
 ::Shirley opens up her sleeping bag, slips inside, and zips it up::

> SF: Tell me when it's morning.
 ::Laverne does the same::

> LD: See ya in the morning!

> Part 2:

>
 ::Later that night at around 5 o'clock (okay, so it's later that AFTERNOON) the girls pop their heads out of their sleeping bags. They slowly open their eyes only to see all the girls in their grade standing around them::

>
 Rosie: Hey DeFazio, let's see your pj's.

>
 Laverne: I don't really feel like it right now, Rosie, and you guys too, I just wanna sleep for a while.

>
 Girl #1: Well you guys have been missing all the fun stuff. And Shirl, you're really gonna leave Carmine there for an entire night?

>
 Shirley: Laverne, that's it, I'm outta this thing.

>
 ::she tries to wiggle out, only to see it's stuck on her nightie's ruffles::

>
 Laverne: Well get outta Shirl!

>
 Shirley: I can't! It's stuck on the ruffles!

>
 ::Laverne grabs the chunk of ruffles that have been sticking out of the stuck zipper and pulls her around the place, trying to get it unstuck. Shirley looks like a giant taco being greased around the gym floor. Some girls prop up Shirl and pull her while some girls pull Laverne apart. Finally, after the whole class pull from separate directions, the ruffles rip and Shirl's free! She goes sliding around the floor and lands under the bleachers::

>
 Shirley: Laverne! I'm being attacked by dust dogs!

>
 ::Laverne grabs the top of her sleeping bag and pulls her out, and pulls her straight into the bathroom::

>
 Laverne: Okay Shirl, get outta here.

>
 Shirley: And go back out there? Never.

>
 Laverne: But Shirl, I can't go out there in a nightie like this by myself!

>
 Shirley: Well then you'll stay here with me, I guess.

>
 Laverne: They're just our friends, Shirl. They don't care if you humiliate yourself in front of the student body.

>
 Shirley: Now Carmine thinks I'm a dope for doing this, I mean, a klutz.

>
 Laverne: He really likes ya, he don't care if you got stuck in a sleepin' bag.

>
 Shirley: Lenny doesn't care because you didn't get stuck in one like a big TACO!

>
 ::she makes that whining noise that makes everyone's neck cramp up and Laverne takes a ripped ruffle and stuffs it in her mouth::

>
 Laverne: Shirl, why does it matter if you got stuck in there?

>
 Shirley: ::muffled. Laverne takes it out and she takes a deep breath:: Laverne, you don't have to worry about this because.... well, you have confidence.

>
 Laverne: And? What about it?

>
 Shirley: Well the only reason people know I'm alive is because of you. If you had slid around like a taco, people woulda laughed,

you woulda gotten back up again and people would just forget about it. But I'm not that cool. I slid around there and people are gonna stare at me and whisper behind my back....

>
 Laverne: What are ya talkin' about, Shirl? You're one of the coolest people I know! People really like you, and if you get out there they're not gonna laugh at you. And if they do, so what? You made 'em laugh. And they thought it was funny, and they think you got guts.

>
 Shirley: ::astonished look:: I got guts?

>
 Laverne: You got more guts than that thing we dissected in science class.

>
 Shirley: So I just gotta go back out there?

>
 Laverne: Head up high, get out there.

>
 ::Shirley grabs her sleeping bag and wraps it around her, and Laverne takes it off her::

>
 Laverne: Be brave, make 'em laugh some more.

>
 Shirley: Okay, make 'em laugh, make 'em laugh.

>
 ::walks out and everyone looks at her::

>
 Terry: Boy Shirl, that was so funny when you rolled under the bleachers. I woulda screamed my lungs out if I was there.

>
 Rosie: Believe it or not, me too.

>
 Shirley: Well you know, it was disgusting, but someone had to do it.

>
 ::they all laugh and start talking some more, the guys playing basketball behind them::

>

> And people, THAT is how Script #12 ends. Not satisfied? Tough. Jk. But I hope this answers an unsolved mystery, of the fan fiction kind.

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**

>

End
file.